

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., JULY 19, 1887.

NUMBER 57

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-

ance. Weekly. \$2.00

One copy, six months. \$1.00

No subscriptions taken on time and all papers

stopped when out.

One copy free to any one sending us five

yearly cash subscribers.

Cheap Club Rates.

Subscribers to the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will

be given the benefit of the following cheap

rates with other papers and periodicals.

S. K. and Daily Courier. \$12.00

Weekly. \$2.00

Commercial. \$2.00

Farmers Home Journal. \$2.00

How and Farm. \$2.00

Daily N. Y. World. \$2.00

Semi-Weekly. \$2.00

Weekly World. \$2.00

N. Y. Sun. \$2.00

Littell's Living Age. \$2.00

Toledo Blade. \$2.00

Arkansas Traveler. \$2.00

Petersen's Mail. \$2.00

Godley's Lady's Book. \$2.00

Democrat's Monthly. \$2.00

Leslie's Popular Monthly. \$2.00

Century Health. \$2.00

Youth's Companion, Boston. \$2.00

Harper's Magazine. \$2.00

Harper's Weekly. \$2.00

Harper's Bazar. \$2.00

Young People. \$2.00

PLATE-GLASS MAKING.

Methods of Manufacture Employed in the

American Factories.

There are in the United States five

plate glass manufacturing and another

is soon to be established at Findlay,

O. The building is usually of very

large size. In the center is the square

melting furnace, with openings on two

parallel sides for working purposes,

while along two sides of the great

building are arranged annealing

ovens, which are sometimes thirty by

twenty feet in order to receive the im-

mense plates that are to be annealed.

Two kinds of pots are used, the ordi-

nary one opens on the top, for melting

the glass, and cisterns or curvettes, in

which the molten glass is carried to the

casting tables. In France the curvette

is usually of a quadrangular form,

with a groove in each of its sides, or as

in the case of the large cisterns, in

two parallel sides, in which the tongs

or iron-frames are fitted when the

curvette is moved. Between each two

parts in the furnace are placed, ac-

cording to their size, one or

more curvettes. In some establishments

the curvette is not now used, the metal

being poured from the pot in which it

is melted on to the casting table. Six-

teen hours is usually allowed for the

melting, and the same time for the

metal to remain in the curvette; but

the latter term is often extended in or-

der that the airform bubbles may

escape and the excess of soda become

volatile. Toward the last the tem-

perature is allowed to fall, and the

glass then acquires the slight degree

of viscosity suitable for casting. The

molten glass is transferred from the

pots into the adjacent curvettes by

means of wrought iron ladles with

long handles. When the glass is in a

proper condition to be cast, the

"rings carriage," consisting of two

powerful bars of iron united like two

scissors blades, and resting upon two

wheels, is pushed into the opening

made in the furnace, and the curvette

is clamped in the quadrant formed

at the extremity of the tongs, two work-

men manipulating the handles at the

other extremity. The cistern thus

taken from the furnace, while filled

with molten glass, is placed on an-

other carriage and quickly conveyed

to the casting table. This consists

of a massive slab, usually of cast iron,

supported by a frame, and generally

placed at the mouth of the annealing

oven. On each side of the table are

ribs or bars of metal, which keep the

glass within proper limits, and the

height determines the thickness of the

plate. A copper or bronze cylinder

about a foot in diameter, resting upon

these bars, extends across the table.

After being heated by hot coals placed

upon it, the table is carefully cleaned,

preparatory to casting. The cistern

containing the molten glass is raised

to the top of the annealing oven, and

brought from the furnace by means of

a crane, its outside carefully cleaned,

and the glass skimmed with a

copper sabre. The curvette is

now swung round over the table, over

which a roller covered with cloth is

drawn to remove all impurities, and

the molten glass poured out in front of

the cylinder, which being rolled from

one extremity of the table to the other,

spreads out the glass in a sheet of

uniform breadth and thickness. While

the plate is still red hot, about two

inches of its end is turned up like a

flange, against which an iron rake-like

instrument is placed, and the plate is

thrust forward into the furnace, where

the temperature of which is that of

dull redness. Another plate is

now immediately cast upon the hot

table, and the annealing oven, when

filled, is closed and left for about five

days to cool. The process for smooth-

ing the glass, is rubbing the surface to

be smoothed, with another surface

either of glass or iron, and at the same

time applying sand or emery of differ-

ent degrees of fineness, and water

between the two impinging surfaces.—

Telegraphic Blade.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

Discovery of a Wonderful Plant with Ex-

traordinary Qualities.

FULL OF FUN.

—Cook books are evidently not of

modern origin, for Bacon says: "Some

books are to be tasted, some eaten, and

some digested."

—An Irishman writing to a debtor,

says: "I confidently expected before

this to receive from you an agreeable

"surprise."—*Sales and Leather Reporter.*

—Scene—Doctor's house. Little boy

at the front door—"Is the doctor in?"

"Cause, if he is, I want to see him at

once."—Servant—"He's not in." Lit-

tle boy—"Well, just as soon as he gets

home, you tell him to come over to our

house and take that baby away he left

last week. It's in the way."—*N. Y.*

Ledger.

—Kate comes upon Henry, who is

playing upon a flute. Kate—"Why

Henry, you do that quite well; I should

think you would take lessons." Hen-

ry, who has been taking lessons for the

last ten years, does not feel flattered,

but makes no sign as he replies: "I

have thought of it."—*Chicago Ad-*

vance.

—"Well," said Razorpen, more

kindly than was his custom, "I can

tell you how you can improve the play

a little." "How?" asked Inkwell,

gratefully. "You see you kill the vil-

lain in the last act?" "Well," said

he, "that is good. Now make him kill all

the other characters in the first."—

Burdette.

—One of Many.—Little Dot—"Dick,

your mamma said if you'd be good and

stayed in the yard she'd bring you

some candy when she came home." Lit-

tle Dick—"I know; but she won't.

She always forgets about it." "Well,

she said if you went out she'd give you

a spanking. Now, you'd better stay

in." "No; she always forgets that

too."—*Omaha World.*

—A Virginia colored girl, who has

not been long in New York, was given

some ice-cream by her mistress a few

evenings ago. She ate it slowly and

with a relish, but refused to eat any

supper. Surprised at her loss of ap-

petite, the mistress received the follow-

ing explanation: "Golly, missus,

couldn't put no supper 'board dat pud-

din'." "Want to taste to stay dat?"

—*There are three things,"* said

Broughton to his wife, "that a woman

can't be persuaded to do without." "She

can't, eh?" said Mrs. B., in an

incredulous tone. "I guess she can do

without them as well as man can, if

not better. What are they?" "Food,

clothes and life," quietly replied

Broughton, and his wife retorted: "You

think you're smart, don't you?"—

Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

—A Scotchman was riding a donkey

one day across a sheep pasture; but

when the animal came to the sheep

drain he would not go over. So the

man rode back a short distance,

turned, and applied the whip, thinking,

of course, that the donkey, when going

at the top of his speed, would jump

the drain. But when the donkey got to

the drain he stopped sharply, and the

man went over his head. No sooner had

he touched the ground than he got up,

and, looking his breast straight in the

face, said: "Veera weel pitched; but

then, hoo are ye goin' to get over yer-

sel?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CARL DUNDER.

What the Old Fellow Does "Sometimes

Ash He Yalks Around."

Sometimes I go out and yalk

around, and I see some duds. He

has somebody who vhas all shure

clothes, and shure too shure for no-

things. Dot vhas all right to be some

duds. He couldn't help her. Nature

didn't half der materials on hand to

make a goat or a monkey, so she

scrapes oop der leafings and creates a

dude.

Sometimes ash I yalk around I

meet some young man mit a cigar

in his mouth. It makes him feel proud,

and his head vhas all shurelled oop.

It vhas a five-cent cigar. He can

smoke him and not pe dizzy. Maybe

it vhas all right, but I wonder if he

realizes vhat a vicious and disgusting

habit he vhas encouraging. It grows

stronger and stronger every day. It

vhas bad for his health, a drain on

his purse and a nuisance to his friends,

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Don't give your horses musty hay.

—The best food for cattle in poor

condition is a warm bran mash.

—Give the young chicks a chance

at the insects in the orchard and gar-

den.

—Let the fundamental law of farm-

ing be recognized, that it does not pay

to cultivate poor land.

—Never mix wood ashes and ani-

mal manure of any kind together; the

latter is made useless and valueless by

using the former with it.

—An Ohio farmer recommends or-

chard grass for meadows likely to be

overflooded, because it will grow

through a thicker coating of muck

than any grass he knows.

—Do all you can to encourage the

birds. They are your best friends

Protect them and their nests, and keep

a watch on the family cats, which do

the birds much damage.—*Troy Times.*

—The digestive organs of swine are

easily disarranged under an artificial

system of breeding. There is no farm

animal more cleanly in its food natu-

rally than the hog.

—It is possible that old hens may be

too fat to lay; not so with pullets. Feed

them abundantly. Even in the case of

old hens less laying goes on as a re-

sult of under than over-feeding.—*Cin-*

cinnati Times.

—Cows that kick or draw milk from

their udders should be sent to the

butcher. Remedies to prevent such

vices are not only useless as permanent

cures, but also troublesome to apply.

—English mutton is largely fattened

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH LENTU KIAN.
18 AND 20 NORTH ST. BAKER
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch one time, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$10.00; one year, \$18.00.
One column one time, \$2.00; one week, \$3.00; six months, \$20.00; one year, \$36.00.
For further information apply for card of rates.
Special local 50 cents per inch for each insertion; among reading matter 20 cents per line; ordinary notices over 10 lines, reductions of 25%; announcements of festivals, concerts and all entertainments where an admission fee is charged 5 cents per line for each insertion.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Copyright, 1917, by The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

"When I was arrested, my first thought was that my hours were numbered. I had not been taken before the Pasco before I had thought the matter over and determined to make an effort to escape. Beside the boldness of the attempt made success possible. I was well acquainted with the soldierly into whose hands I had fallen, and I knew they could never dream of an attempt. At the worst, a Spanish bullet would finish me; should I try it, I was certain of the garrote. You saw the attempt and its success. The Captain who recognized and arrested me was one whom I had seen shoot a wounded insurgent at Las Pozas; and I hope you'll believe me when I say that nothing in my life ever gave me a greater satisfaction than to break his head with the butt of one of his own muskets.

"I made my way quickly and safely back to the Jew's. He hid me so carefully that I was not in the slightest danger of capture, though both his home and shop were twice ransacked last night by the patrol. Before daylight he visited me under ground, and we arranged the plan of escape that has been successfully carried into execution. I knew that the pursuit would be kept hot for weeks; I could trust my faithful Jew with my life, but I could not trust the long chapter of accidents that might lead to my detection. I determined that I must leave Cuba at once. These Havana Jews know every thing that is transpiring. With a lot of other gossip, he had told me of the American merchant-vessel in the harbor without a crew, whose master was trying to pick up one. I caught the chance at once. My disguise I was absolutely sure of; my only fear was that you had not told me all the men you wanted. But I came down to the quay with the agent, and when I saw you, I recognized you at once as the man who stood behind me in the crowd yesterday, and whose generous sentiments were expressed in my hearing. I needed say no more; I'm safe under the old flag, thank God!

The narrative of Henry Crawford was listened to with the deepest interest by the Captain, and, naturally, led to fifteen minutes more of conversation upon matters suggested by the remarkable adventures of the young man, and the name of his father, which led to some reminiscences on the part of the Captain. It is needless to say that this interview, of almost an hour, strengthened and warmed the attachment that the agent and his captive had already conceived for his gallant young guest. He was, in fact, prepared to "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel."

The cook now sent one of the negroes down with an appetizing supper, to which the Captain and his friend did full justice. They had, in fact, eaten nothing since the early breakfast of that morning.

The sun had set, and the soft twilight of the tropics that precedes the moon's rising prevailed, when these two left the cabin for the deck.

Each had a look at the stars in his breast-pocket. They had held a very brief conference over the situation of affairs on the vessel, and were prepared to spend the night on deck.

The mate soon came down and ate a hearty supper from what was untouched by the others. Then he, too, returned to the deck.

And now occurred a singular incident. The cabin was vacant for ten minutes before the cook's assistant came down to clear away the leavings. In this interval the concealed watcher emerged from the caddy, snatched bread, meat and coffee from the table, rolled them in a large cloth, and quitted the cabin. Ascending the stairs till his eyes were on a level with the deck, he peered out. Dim figures could be seen, both fore and aft; and the light was faint; he was not perceived. He quietly stalked along the starboard side, and disappeared somewhere forward.

Yet one thing further we must record that occurred in the cabin before the Captain and his guest left it, before Mr. Hardy came down, and before Louis Hunter had fitted like an uneasy spirit away.

The Captain had his hand on the knob of the door, with his cap in the other hand, when a curious hesitation on the part of Crawford arrested his steps.

He looked inquiringly at him. "You wanted the whole truth," said the young man.

"Well?"

"You are treating me nobly, sir; I am deeply affected by it. I feel that any concealment from you, after what has occurred between us, would be unjust to you, unworthy of me."

"Out with it, then."

"Captain Willis, not only was I glad-

dened to recognize you this morning as the generous sailor I saw on the Pasco yesterday, but your vessel seemed very familiar to me. It seemed as if I came on board. That name is very dear to me. Here, sir, is the picture of the lady to whom I engaged myself. Look at it!"

The Captain took the daguerreotype. He looked at it; he looked at Crawford. Astonishment was at first written on his rough face, then a broad smile illumined it.

"Why, you young rascal—I can't believe my eyes! That's my daughter Nellie!"

PART II—CHAPTER I.
THE SHADOW OF A NEW DAY.

Slowly and superbly the great round moon rose over the southern seas and poured down a flood of light on the wide waters of water. No land was now in sight; the Cuban mountains had sunk below the horizon, and the nearest low land of the Bahamas was far to the northward. The wind held steady, veering now more to the southward, so that the bark held easily on her course, which was now northeast by north. A gentle swell agitated the surface of the sea. For thirty rods astern the foaming track of the vessel could be seen. A solitary sail far to the eastward, visible at sunset, had now faded from sight. The constellations came out, hardly dimmed by the splendor of the moon, and shone with a brightness unknown in higher latitudes.

Such a night as this aboard ship Captain Willis had never seen; indeed few masters of vessels had. His good ship was speeding along through the water at a rate that bade fair to make this voyage remarkable for its brevity; but the unruly human elements aboard made his eyes almost sleepless, his heart anxious. He had calculated that it would be possible to reach Nassau before the following night, where he had determined to make an effort to get rid of the worst elements of the crew, even if he had to continue the voyage short-handed. That night he and Crawford watched and took the wheel alternately with the mate and Dick Purvis. Mr. Hardy had divided the watch into watches, had instructed them in the duty and hours of the watch, and carefully struck the bells himself, or had Dick do it; but not for a moment did he or the Captain put the slightest confidence in the crew.

About midnight the mate was kept awake by Crawford at the wheel. The Captain awoke from a doze, and saw Purvis coming aft.

"How is it, Dick?" he asked. "What do you find for an?"

"Very little to speak of, sir," replied the seaman, scratching his forehead. "I've been having a grand time of it, but I'm not a word word of 'em say in my hearing, till they found I didn't understand Spanish, and since then they are jabbering pretty much all the time. The niggers look at me in an ugly kind of way, now I tell you. This morning they had nothing to do with the Cubans or the stowaways; now they're all check-in-jowl together, chattering Spanish. The stowaways can't talk it; but I believe such rascally-looking chaps as they are can be made to understand villainy in any language."

"Have you seen Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes, sir—he was near the forward ladder a few minutes ago. There he is now."

The Captain jumped up and started toward the figure that had just appeared from midship. The figure reached the deck advanced. With a loud and peremptory "Heave to, there!" he rushed forward and caught the man by the arm.

"Louis, is this you?"

The face, turned silently to him in the moonlight, showed him that it was he.

"Now what do you mean by evading me in this fashion? What in the deuce is the matter with you? Don't you see that I've got a turbulent and mutinous crew aboard, and that I want all the friendly help I can get?"

"You've got something else aboard that seems to interest you nightly," sneered Louis. "You've got an escaped filibuster; and I suppose you don't mean to come into Cuban waters again, after what has happened."

"I'll take no instructions from you nor any man about what course I shall pursue toward a brave countryman, hunted by the minions of Spain."

"Never supposed you would; so allow me to bid you good-night."

"Louis, listen to reason. Henry Crawford is a man whose acquaintance would honor any of us. I want you to see and talk with him."

"Excuse me, I'm not very particular about my associates, as I believe you have told me several times; but I have never taken them from political refugees."

"Just tell me what your conduct means," he demanded.

"That's none of your business. You saw yesterday that the time was fast coming when you and I could not occupy the same cabin together. I believe that time has come. Anyway, I refuse to occupy it with the company you've got there now."

"That was a hasty remark, Louis. You remember how he had angered me? Let me think no more of it. Here's my hand, nephew."

Louis took the offered hand, but released it immediately without a grasp.

"Now go back to the cabin," the Captain said, half coaxingly.

"Not if I don't choose your company. I'll choose mine. I can make myself quite comfortable forward."

He stalked away, leaving the Captain in deeper doubt than ever as to the meaning of his conduct.

An hour before daylight Dick Purvis nudged the mate, and awakened him from a fitful sleep.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"Something bad, sir. I'll whisper it to you; we'd best make no alarm yet. The *mulatto* is loose."

"Great God, how can that be?" the mate exclaimed. "I shackled him myself, and have seen him every two hours since. Where is he?"

"I only know he is gone, sir, with the chain unlocked, that fastened him to the ring in the floor. I suspect he's hiding somewhere in the forehold."

"He must have had help."

"Surely, sir."

"Well, the devil is aboard this ship, and no mistake. I hate to disturb the old man, but he must know it."

The startling intelligence was communicated to the Captain, and it banished all further sleep till sunrise. The mate took the wheel, and Crawford and Purvis watched with the Captain; but he said little. The threatening events of the last few hours were making an impression upon him which it was idle to try to shake off; he made no answer to the reassuring words addressed to him, but remained sunk in deep thought.

PART II—CHAPTER II.
THE SHADOW OF A NEW DAY.

The hour still lacked something of dawn. The moon was dull in the West, and the stars were pale and dim. There was light enough to see the length of the deck, where the view was not obstructed, and as yet there was no sign of outbreak. The Captain walked forward with Crawford, saw that the watch were awake, and that the look-out was at his post, and stopped a moment to observe the mate. A silence fell upon them as they saw him.

"Where's that big mulatto?" he abruptly asked. "Can any of you tell me?"

There were several head-shakes, and two or three negatives in Spanish.

"May he jump overboard," one of the negroes growled.

"Hiding, likely," one of the vagrants ventured.

"Now mark me, men!" the Captain said. "You know what manner of man I am: I'm not to be fooled with. Some of you know what that fellow is. We shall be at Nassau before dark, and then that man will go ashore in irons. He'll go if it takes the whole British garrison to bring him out. You hear me? Just tell him that, and that he'd better deliver himself up peacefully."

The two walked aft again.

"I don't think I'd have told them that, sir," said Crawford.

"Why not?"

"It may make them more desperate."

"Phaw! Such fellows as those negroes are always desperate. What they need is to feel the strong hand of me. They hadn't heard from me for several hours, and I thought it time to show myself to them again."

He stopped and leaned against the long-boast. His companion was silent.

"Another day of this mutiny and vigilance, and we'll make port again and rid ourselves of these pests."

"I hope so, sir."

The Captain said nothing for a moment, and then suddenly asked:

"Mr. Crawford, are you superstitious?"

"I don't know that I am."

He added, with a laugh: "I suppose I'm not enough of a sailor for that."

"You say that in jest; but there's truth in it. Now look at me. You see what I am; you know me pretty well. You wouldn't take me for a man likely to give way to presentiments?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet, I tell you that in the hours of this night that has just ended the belief has been forced upon me that I shall not see another sunset."

"You'll see many hundreds of them, sir. I don't wonder you are disturbed in mind by what has happened on this vessel in less than twenty-four hours; but I'm confident the worst is over."

"You think I'm nervous and flighty, as most men would be in my place. You are wrong. If you should feel my pulse you would find it as steady and strong as the best of men. I feel it, I am not governed by any weak fear; it is simply a powerful presentiment of speedy death that has come to me."

His words were so solemn that Crawford could at first make no reply.

"Still," he at last ventured, "you must admit that there is no peril that threatens you that does not equally threaten me."

"Not at all. My belief is just as firm that you will escape these dangers and live long to tell about them. Just look back at what has happened to you in the last month! First he has been wonderfully kind to you, and will continue to be, I verily believe. You are marked for life, not death. No man can do the things that you have done, without having what I should call a firm grip on existence. Don't ask me how all this seems to me. I feel it. I feel it, I can no more explain it than I can tell what made this wind rise, and what keeps it blowing."

There was absolutely nothing that Henry Crawford could say. The Captain's manner warned him that what had been said was but the prelude to something of great importance that was to follow.

"It is not a mere idle whim that leads me to tell you this," Captain Willis went on. "If I supposed that we were all to be involved in a common disaster, and that none of us should ever sail into Boston harbor, you would have been nothing to me. I feel it. I feel it, I can no more explain it than I can tell what made this wind rise, and what keeps it blowing."

The rough man was softened by his own words. He spoke a little; he even grasped Crawford's hand.

"Nothing has been said between us about my daughter since you surprised me with her picture," he continued.

"It's not necessary to say that I approve her choice. She's a sweet, good girl, my lad—that you know. She hasn't seen as much of her father as a child has a right to; but I've always loved her dearly. Didn't I name this ship after her, when she was a little ship a thing? You'll do just as you said, I am sure; you'll go back, quiet adventuring, take up the old, steady ways of the world, which, after all, are the best ways, my boy. Helen, and settle down. You must be kind to her mother, too; she's a good woman."

There was just a dash of petulance in the young man's voice as he replied:

"All this is very pleasant for me to hear, Captain Willis, and I'm proud of your confidence in me. You'll pardon me if I don't say more."



"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless."

me when I say that you are speaking of things as already accomplished that I fear are years away. If hard work and determination to succeed can count for anything, I shall marry Helen Willis some day; but you will remember that I told you I was penniless."

The Captain softly chuckled as he patted Crawford's shoulder.

"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless. When I die she and her mother will divide fifty thousand dollars."

In his surprise the young man mechanically echoed the words.

"Yes, sir; and if this ship comes into port again the value of ship and cargo will add twenty thousand more to it. There's no insurance on either; if they're lost it will be a dead loss; but that good pile of gold and silver is put away safely, beyond all fear of accident."

The old man chuckled again.

"Now, Henry Crawford, I've a very strange story to tell you. Yesterday you laid your whole life open to me; I'm going to be just as candid with you. What would you say, to be told that neither the girl nor her mother knows of the existence of that money, nor where it is? That's my secret, and I've carried it for years; foolishly, perhaps—you shall judge of that when you have heard the story. For Helen's sake, for your's and her mother's, you must have this secret, so that the money may be saved to you three."

The Captain pulled his whiskers thoughtfully.

"I said I would be candid; I will. Of course, this has been foolish of me; my sudden death at any time would have deprived my wife and daughter of what I have always meant they should have. But you shall hear the whole story. I'm sure you'll see that I have moved me to act as I have."

Crawford listened intently to the narrative that followed. Both men stood with their backs against the long boat, in the boat was Louis Hunter, concealed by a tarpaulin, his eager ears drinking in every word.

PART II—CHAPTER III.
THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I spoke of the sum of fifty thousand dollars (began Captain Willis), that I had hidden away for my daughter.

Why did I hide it? why conceal any knowledge of it from my wife and child? For, certainly I love them as much as most men love their families.

To answer these questions, I will be necessary to go back to the beginning, and make you acquainted with my whole life.

The amount that I have named is considered, I believe, quite a fortune. Three times before, I have been in possession of almost as much; three times I have lost all by the misconduct of others whom I trusted. My reasons for hiding this money, and locking the secret in my breast, have much to do with my previous losses. You shall hear.

You have lived in Boston, and you know where Provincetown is, across the bay, on the point of Cape Cod. I was born in that old town something more than sixty years ago. My parents were as poor as poverty could make them, and died when I was thirteen years old. I never went to school a day in my life; what knowledge I have got, adroit and astute, has all been picked up. I ran about the wharves, scoured the sailors, heard their wonderful tales, and when I was sixteen I made my first voyage before the mast.

Now look on, eight years from that time. With all kinds of hard knocks, and such privations and perils as sailors only know, I had steadily risen to a good position. I was steady, temperate and industrious. To say that I was bound to rise is only to state the fact. I had accumulated a large sum of money. A friend on Long wharf of whom I had a high opinion happened to learn it, and he asked me one day to deposit it with him.

"I can use it to advantage," he said, "and pay you interest on it."

Perfectly unsuspecting as I was, and with the highest confidence in his integrity, I handed the whole sum over to him, not even taking his receipt for it. On my return from my next voyage, I found he had fled the country, taking many people's money with him—mine among them.

This was my first rude discipline from the world; and I suppose I did not bear it as well as those misfortunes that followed later.

Argo You Going to Kansas Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?

If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, the only direct route from the South to the West and Northwest, this line runs our well-furnished Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and free Pullman Chair Cars, saving many hours time over any other route. If you are going to the West, you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this Short Route; mailed free.

Address: J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo. Or, H. D. ELLIS, Ticket Agent, 31 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

COAL! COAL!

Having secured the agency for the Co-Operative Mining and Mfg. Co.'s coal, I am prepared to furnish a superior quality of Lump and Nut Coal as cheap as any in this market for Cash. Yard corner of R. & E. Streets, opposite old Planning Mill. E. J. FOULKE, June 1st, 1917.



"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless."

me when I say that you are speaking of things as already accomplished that I fear are years away. If hard work and determination to succeed can count for anything, I shall marry Helen Willis some day; but you will remember that I told you I was penniless."

The Captain softly chuckled as he patted Crawford's shoulder.

"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless. When I die she and her mother will divide fifty thousand dollars."

In his surprise the young man mechanically echoed the words.

"Yes, sir; and if this ship comes into port again the value of ship and cargo will add twenty thousand more to it. There's no insurance on either; if they're lost it will be a dead loss; but that good pile of gold and silver is put away safely, beyond all fear of accident."

The old man chuckled again.

"Now, Henry Crawford, I've a very strange story to tell you. Yesterday you laid your whole life open to me; I'm going to be just as candid with you. What would you say, to be told that neither the girl nor her mother knows of the existence of that money, nor where it is? That's my secret, and I've carried it for years; foolishly, perhaps—you shall judge of that when you have heard the story. For Helen's sake, for your's and her mother's, you must have this secret, so that the money may be saved to you three."

The Captain pulled his whiskers thoughtfully.

"I said I would be candid; I will. Of course, this has been foolish of me; my sudden death at any time would have deprived my wife and daughter of what I have always meant they should have. But you shall hear the whole story. I'm sure you'll see that I have moved me to act as I have."

Crawford listened intently to the narrative that followed. Both men stood with their backs against the long boat, in the boat was Louis Hunter, concealed by a tarpaulin, his eager ears drinking in every word.

PART II—CHAPTER III.
THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I spoke of the sum of fifty thousand dollars (began Captain Willis), that I had hidden away for my daughter.

Why did I hide it? why conceal any knowledge of it from my wife and child? For, certainly I love them as much as most men love their families.

To answer these questions, I will be necessary to go back to the beginning, and make you acquainted with my whole life.

The amount that I have named is considered, I believe, quite a fortune. Three times before, I have been in possession of almost as much; three times I have lost all by the misconduct of others whom I trusted. My reasons for hiding this money, and locking the secret in my breast, have much to do with my previous losses. You shall hear.

You have lived in Boston, and you know where Provincetown is, across the bay, on the point of Cape Cod. I was born in that old town something more than sixty years ago. My parents were as poor as poverty could make them, and died when I was thirteen years old. I never went to school a day in my life; what knowledge I have got, adroit and astute, has all been picked up. I ran about the wharves, scoured the sailors, heard their wonderful tales, and when I was sixteen I made my first voyage before the mast.

Now look on, eight years from that time. With all kinds of hard knocks, and such privations and perils as sailors only know, I had steadily risen to a good position. I was steady, temperate and industrious. To say that I was bound to rise is only to state the fact. I had accumulated a large sum of money. A friend on Long wharf of whom I had a high opinion happened to learn it, and he asked me one day to deposit it with him.

"I can use it to advantage," he said, "and pay you interest on it."

Perfectly unsuspecting as I was, and with the highest confidence in his integrity, I handed the whole sum over to him, not even taking his receipt for it. On my return from my next voyage, I found he had fled the country, taking many people's money with him—mine among them.

This was my first rude discipline from the world; and I suppose I did not bear it as well as those misfortunes that followed later.

Argo You Going to Kansas Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?

If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, the only direct route from the South to the West and Northwest, this line runs our well-furnished Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and free Pullman Chair Cars, saving many hours time over any other route. If you are going to the West, you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this Short Route; mailed free.

Address: J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo. Or, H. D. ELLIS, Ticket Agent, 31 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

COAL! COAL!

Having secured the agency for the Co-Operative Mining and Mfg. Co.'s coal, I am prepared to furnish a superior quality of Lump and Nut Coal as cheap as any in this market for Cash. Yard corner of R. & E. Streets, opposite old Planning Mill. E. J. FOULKE, June 1st, 1917.



"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless."

me when I say that you are speaking of things as already accomplished that I fear are years away. If hard work and determination to succeed can count for anything, I shall marry Helen Willis some day; but you will remember that I told you I was penniless."

The Captain softly chuckled as he patted Crawford's shoulder.

"Ah, my boy, the girl isn't penniless. When I die she and her mother will divide fifty thousand dollars."

In his surprise the young man mechanically echoed the words.

"Yes, sir; and if this ship comes into port again the value of ship and cargo will add twenty thousand more to it. There's no insurance on either; if they're lost it will be a dead loss; but that good pile of gold and silver is put away safely, beyond all fear of accident."

The old man chuckled again.

"Now, Henry Crawford, I've a very strange story to tell you. Yesterday you laid your whole life open to me; I'm going to be just as candid with you. What would you say, to be told that neither the girl nor her mother knows of the existence of that money, nor where it is? That's my secret, and I've carried it for years; foolishly, perhaps—you shall judge of that when you have heard the story. For Helen's sake, for your's and her mother's, you must have this secret, so that the money may be saved to you three."

The Captain pulled his whiskers thoughtfully.

"I said I would be candid; I will. Of course, this has been foolish of me; my sudden death at any time would have deprived my wife and daughter of what I have always meant they should have. But you shall hear the whole story. I'm sure you'll see that I have moved me to act as I have."

Crawford listened intently to the narrative that followed. Both men stood with their backs against the long boat, in the boat was Louis Hunter, concealed by a tarpaulin, his eager ears drinking in every word.

PART II—CHAPTER III.
THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I spoke of the sum of fifty thousand dollars (began Captain Willis), that I had hidden away for my daughter.

Why did I hide it? why conceal any knowledge of it from my wife and child? For, certainly I love them as much as most men love their families.

To answer these questions, I will be necessary to go back to the beginning, and make you acquainted with my whole life.

The amount that I have named is considered, I believe, quite a fortune. Three times before, I have been in possession of almost as much; three times I have lost all by the misconduct of others whom I trusted. My reasons for hiding this money, and locking the secret in my breast, have much to do with my previous losses. You shall hear.

You have lived in Boston, and you know where Provincetown is, across the bay, on the point of Cape Cod. I was born in that old town something more than sixty years ago. My parents were as poor as poverty could make them, and died when I was thirteen years old. I never went to school a day in my life; what knowledge I have got, adroit and astute, has all been picked up. I ran about the wharves, scoured the sailors, heard their wonderful tales, and when I was sixteen I made my first voyage before the mast.

Now look on, eight years from that time. With all kinds of hard knocks, and such privations and perils as sailors only know, I had steadily risen to a good position. I was steady, temperate and industrious. To say that I was bound to rise is only to state the fact. I had accumulated a large sum of money. A friend on Long wharf of whom I had a high opinion happened to learn it, and he asked me one day to deposit it with him.

"I can use it to advantage," he said, "and pay you interest on it."

Perfectly unsuspecting as I was, and with the highest confidence in his integrity, I handed the whole sum over to him, not even taking his receipt for it. On my return from my next voyage, I found he had fled the country, taking many people's money with him—mine among them.